

THE LIGUORIAN



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THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. XIII.

FEBRUARY, 1925

No 2.

Purification of Mary

(February Second)

That the angels sang thy praises
In the hours of Christmas night,
That Kings should show thee homage
Mother, led by a star's light:

That Simeon, the seer, should
All thy virtues glorify,
That long ages should with ages
To chant thy glory vie:

That the heavens and earth, O Mary,
Should unite in praising thee,
And that wonders should be lavish
Is not hard or strange to see.

But to see thee in the Temple
At the Court of Israel stand,
With thy purification victims
This I scarce can understand.

But I know that thou wouldest teach me
That in one all-ruling word
All thy glory's heights are sounded:—
Lo! the Handmaid of the Lord!

Aug. T. Zeller, C. Ss. R.

Father Tim Casey

IT ISN'T THE STEAK

C. D. McENNERY, C.Ss.R.

The train took a curve at high speed. Father Casey could not remove his charmed eyes from the colored waiter who held aloft an over-loaded tray without spilling so much as a drop of the savory chicken broth while all around him was tumbling in disorder.

"Just one check," said Bruce, and the courteous steward deftly punched the intricate meal ticket designed to remove temptation from the path of dining car potentates.

Andrew Bruce, rich and corpulent, was racing from the frost to Sunny California. Dropping into casual conversation with Father Casey, he soon became so much interested in the priest that he would not let him go, but insisted on having him as his guest for dinner in the dining car.

With glasses on nose and pencil poised in mid air, Bruce set himself to study the bill of fare. He was rather proud of his skill in ordering an appetizing and well balanced meal.

"Hm-m-m. Ahem-m-m. Ah!" and the pencil came down on the paper with a thud. "Steak—tenderloin steak with mushrooms and—"

"No steak for me, Mr. Bruce," said Father Casey. "This is Friday—meatless day for Catholics."

Bruce eyed the priest quizzically over his glasses for a moment, then silently turned his attention to the fish entrees. That item arranged to his comparative satisfaction, he said:

"The chicken broth looks good. Suppose we begin with a tureen of chicken broth."

"Meat soup, as well as meat, is taboo for me on Friday."

Mine host frowned disapproval at such restrictions on the pleasures of taste, but succeeded, however, with an effort in holding his peace.

But when the order was brought and the rich odor of steak smothered in onions rose to greet his discerning nose, he glared angrily at Father Casey's poor insipid slice of fish and burst out:

"It's a shame to call that a dinner—a shame! Come, Father Casey, it won't hurt you to eat a piece of meat, even if it is Friday."

"I know it won't hurt me to eat a piece of meat, but it will hurt me to break a law and commit a sin."

"What law? Christ never made any such law."

"Christ's Church made the law. You know Christ founded a Church, a society, an organization to help men to get to heaven. He promised and swore that He would make this organization last until the end of the world. You know quite well that no society could last even for a year unless it had power to make laws and regulations for its members. The society Christ established, the Catholic Church, has lasted nineteen hundred years, and it will continue to last as long as there are human beings on this earth. Therefore Christ must have given to it the power of making laws for its members."

"That is clear enough," admitted Bruce, "but why do you say it is a sin to break one of the laws of the Church?"

"Because Christ Himself said so. It would have been foolish for Him to give His Church the power of making laws without giving to these laws binding force. Hence He expressly declared that whoever obeys the Church, obeys Him; and whoever disobeys the Church, disobeys Him. To obey Christ is to perform an act of virtue, to disobey Him is to commit a sin."

"I see your viewpoint," said Bruce, removing the onions from a corner of the steak and deftly amputating a juicy morsel, "the Church, being a society, must have power to make laws for her members; and these laws, to have effect, must be binding under sin. But why," and putting the meat in his mouth, he munched it with evident satisfaction, "why should she make a law which prevents you from enjoying one of God's best gifts to hungry mortals—a bit of hot and savory tenderloin steak?"

"She commands us to accept a little cheerful voluntary suffering by abstaining from meat on Friday out of love for Jesus Christ who died for us on Friday."

The steak must have been poorly prepared, for the corpulent gentleman suddenly stopped chewing and gulped it down with the wry face of a small boy swallowing a spoonful of castor oil. He lost interest in the dinner and turned his attention to the clearing up of the, to him, disagreeable problem.

"Voluntary suffering!" he growled. "Making ourselves miserable when we don't have to! It's not natural. It's not rational."

"Not for a heathen—but it is for a follower of the crucified Christ."

"I believe in eating what I like and when I like—provided I can get it."

"So, too, does my Airedale, Mr. Bruce," laughed the priest, "but my Christian mother taught me that there are times when I should restrain my likes for the sake of Christian mortification."

"The Christian religion is a religion of joy, not of gloom," said Bruce.

"It is a salutary blending of both," corrected the priest. "We can't be always joyful in a valley of tears, a land of exile—we who are born in sin, who commit so many sins, who are doomed to sickness and labor and death on account of sin. Neither should we be always mournful, because we have the great hope of a blissful eternity, because Jesus Christ, our God, so loved us that He died for us and opened heaven for us. Joy and mourning, each has its place. You rejoice on your mother's birthday, but you do not feast and dance on the anniversary of her death. Christians rejoice on Christmas day, the day on which Christ was born, and on Sunday, the day on which He rose glorious and immortal from the dead, but they mourn on Friday, the day He died."

"Are not the sufferings of Christ sufficient to atone for all our sins?" demanded Bruce.

"More than sufficient," admitted the priest.

"It is foolish, therefore, for us to want to suffer for our sins, since the sufferings of Christ are more than enough to atone for them."

Father Casey gazed out the window at the vast sweep of the Kansas prairies stretching out and out for countless miles in every direction until they blended at last with the distant horizon.

"God," he said, as if repeating an act of faith to the picture of infinity before his eyes, "became man without ceasing to be God. Every smallest action He performed as man, had infinite value, because He was God. Therefore one tear that He shed, an Infant in Bethlehem, was enough, and more than enough, to atone for all our sins. Would you say, then," he demanded brusquely, turning to his table companion, "that it was foolish for Him to want to suffer more for us? Would you say such a blasphemy?"

"No."

"Then do not say that, because Christ's sufferings were sufficient to

atone for our sins, it is foolish for us to want to suffer, too, in union with Him."

"But what earthly good can you do to yourself or anybody else by restricting yourself to a little insipid fish, when a real meal can be had for the asking?" he queried testily. The steak was growing cold, but he really could not relish it until this disturbing question had been settled the way he wanted.

"Voluntary penance does us good in many ways," said the priest. "Christ made the statement: 'Unless you do penance, you shall all likewise perish.' Besides, there are some things we know which we cannot explain. For instance, there is the matter of reparation, isn't there?"

A dissatisfied grunt was the only answer.

"In my first mission," he continued, "there were a number of poker fanatics. Since they played only among themselves and for low stakes, they suffered no great losses. Loss of time and loss of sleep were practically the only evils resulting from their indulgence. Now it happened that the daughter of one of these men fell ill. Nobody believed the sickness fatal. The father saw clearly enough that it was more fitting he should remain at home, still the habitual hankering came upon him so strong that one evening he went out and joined his companions 'just for a few games.' About eleven o'clock word was brought in that his wife was 'on the phone,' that she said the girl was worse and he should come home at once. He was in the act of playing an exciting hand. 'She just begrudges me a little relaxation. Ah, tell her I'm coming.' And the engrossing game went on. When he reached the house at two in the morning, his daughter was dead. He knelt beside the corpse and took a solemn oath never again to touch a card. We cannot explain just what good he did to himself or anybody else by giving up an innocent amusement, yet we all know it was the proper thing. It was an attempt at reparation.

"I know another case of a golf 'fan.' 'Don't be knocking that ball about the back yard, Bart, you'll do some damage,' his wife had warned. But Bart simply had to try that new shot, and the time was too short to drive out to the course; besides, he aimed every time at a brick in the middle of the garage wall, and so it was impossible to have an accident. But the impossible happened. By one of those fatal coincidences, his foot slipped while he tried a powerful drive, and at the same moment

his wife stepped out the back door to caution him again. The ball struck her, injuring her skull and paralizing the optic nerve. She was blinded for life. The faithful woman felt more for his remorse than for her own affliction and used every art to make him forgive himself. But one night after her return from the hospital, as the two were sitting before the open fireplace, he said: 'Listen to the crackling of the flames. Do you know what is burning? My entire set of golf sticks. I will never play again.' In vain did she and all his friends urge him to go out, at least occasionally, to seek on the links the exercise so beneficial to him. He never struck a ball again. We cannot explain just what good he did to himself or anybody else by giving up an innocent amusement, yet we all know it was the proper thing. It was an attempt at reparation.

"Let me give just one more example. It concerns us all. On a never-to-be-forgotten Friday our best and truest Friend was murdered. It was our sins that caused Him to die the bitter death of the cross. We love Him and we deeply regret the wrong we have done Him. On each recurring Friday we impose upon ourselves a little voluntary suffering by abstaining from meat. It may not be easy to explain what good this does to Him or to us, but our own heart tells us it is just and proper. It is an attempt at reparation."

The dining car steward never realized how near he was to death that day when he bent over Andrew Bruce and blandly inquired:

"Was there anything the matter with the steak, sir?"

FAITHFUL TO PRINCIPLE

A Catholic lawyer was invited by some non-Catholics of wealth and prominence to dine with them on a Friday evening. He went to the dinner, ate the fish that was served as one of the courses and abstained from all the meat dishes. The next day the son of his hostess said to him:

"Mr. W., I am very glad that you touched no meat last night. My mother was watching you, and if you had eaten meat, she would have lost all respect for you."

Weak-kneed Catholic men sometimes think that they can win favor by concealing their religion. Even the world respects the man who is faithful to principle.

The Student Abroad

ROME!

J. W. BRENNAN, C.Ss.R.

The Geography tells you Rome is a city; the historian will tell you Rome is a memory; the reading and thinking man of the day will tell you Rome is an institution.

It is all three and more; and because of the multiplicity of viewpoints from which Rome can be viewed, it suffers from the effects of such consideration almost on a par with those resulting from over advertising. For it is writ in the guidebooks—and are they not all wise?—and it is recounted in the pages of countless diaries, and they reproduce thought in its unadorned sincerity; that often, if indeed not commonly, the first impressions of Rome are disappointing.

If we have studied our histories conscientiously, and of course we have, then we have visioned Rome as an historical thing; a place of historical concentration if we may call it such; a city made up of the remains or rather the results made permanent in impregnable marble of the mighty empire that swayed the world when Christ was born. We piece together the pictures given in the histories till we have built in our minds the complete city as it was and should therefore be at present. And we expect, not expressly but in a sort of subconscious way, to find avenues of ruined temples and palaces; streets bearing the ruts of the chariots of old worn in their pavements; inscriptions in old Latin lettering announcing the deeds of the conquering generals as they proclaimed them years ago.

But we arrive on a more or less modern railway—the more or the less depending on the previous experience of the traveler with such modes of conveyance; in a very modern station, with very modern equipment and modern officials. And we step out into a street that might be transferred to any fairly large city in the United States and be a credit to it. Of course, it would not be long before the question of replacing the stone block pavement with concrete would be made a political issue after the fashion of the land, but that is neither here nor there.

The fact is, we have sped through the panoramic Appennines from Naples to Rome, passing villages and towns whose names read in succession seem like verses of an ode or a sonnet; past crags on whose

summits old gray buildings, usually monasteries cling with the tenacity of century long experience; past meadows and groves sheltered in valleys between the mountains, not hills, mind you; past vineyards that make the Americans think of days that were in his own country when vineyards meant more than future stores of grape jelly; past country churches beyond counting and each a work of art, past old stone houses and modern cottages scattered without regard for the wishes of the traveler who might prefer to see the ancient dwellings grouped in a sort of idyllic setting; past a conglomeration of ancient and mediaeval and modern features, thought-provoking, attention-arresting, tantalizing; into the mecca of all civilization—Rome.

But we arrived in the evening, beneficent evening. And so we were spared the first impressions of squalor and general appearance of decay that usually feature the right of way of a railroad into a city. However, in the case of Rome, this would not have amounted to much, for the railway circles the city till just opposite the terminal, which is quite near the city limits, when it swings in directly. In a few minutes the trains are within the terminal. There is no blocking traffic while a train passes; no grade crossing accidents, as far as we know. Efficiency? Seems so, doesn't it?

Instead of disagreeable impressions, therefore, the traveler from America, who reaches Rome in the evening, has a sensation akin to that of being present at musical comedy or light opera. There are the Carabinieri in their fancy uniforms and cocked hats, striding gracefully and slowly about the streets, bothering nobody and being bothered not in turn. A very peaceful way of preserving the peace. There are the carozzas, single-seated gigs that are striving bravely to compete with the modern taxicab in the matter of transportation, and doing it successfully, too. There are the automobiles with left-hand drive and horns that sound like military trumpets, circling in and out in the pedestrian traffic; there are the little street cars that remind us at once of Fontaine Fox's comic classic, the Toonerville trolley; there is the clamor of news-boys—the same the world over—the clanging of gongs, the rattle of shifting gears, the roaring of motors, the odor of burned gasoline, the clatter of horses' hoofs on the stone pavement, the hurrying, but the jostling throngs; yes, we feel right at home. The evening has aided in no small degree in creating a favorable first impression, and first impressions they say are lasting.

But in the unmerciful daylight, idyllic first impressions, while they are not destroyed, are minimized somewhat. Much that we read is verified; much that we dreamed is done away with. We face Rome, the city, the memory, the institution as it is. And being students, we look at once for some characteristic principle, some central viewpoint that will properly express the meaning of Rome and form a basis for the correct understanding of it. But being Americans, we recall the swarm of travelers who came to our country after the war, and then wrote books about it, creating impressions that we as travelers have to live down now, and so we do not form a judgment; we just surmise. And our surmise is this, that while the Rome of memory was ultra-progressive, the Rome of today is conservative. It looks down the fifteen feet or so of excavation that is required to lay bare the streets of the Rome that was, and gazing at the ruins, resolves to hasten slowly.

Following this, comes an experience that develops into a firm principle. We walk through the streets, more to find out how to get around than anything else, and we find ourselves dodging children. Children there are by the hundreds; carefree little ones playing in the streets, on the doorsteps, in the occasional open spaces that are made to serve as playgrounds. They have not the restricted areas of the United States, they have not the expensive playground equipment, including the corps of trained playground directors, but from the time the sun gets warm in the streets till the Ave Maria ringing from hundreds of towers signals sundown, they are in evidence, running and tumbling and shouting and sometimes arguing. Or perhaps they are going to school, in which case we see groups of them, boys or girls, sometimes wearing uniforms, sometimes not, sometimes accompanied by their father, who is also on his way to work, sometimes by their mothers, perhaps on the way to Mass. But in any case, they are everywhere, all the time. And as one observant student remarked, "It is easy to understand why the artists always put cherubs in their pictures, and why the churches and public buildings always have figures of children, representing angels; the masters could not get away from them." They are everywhere; they are characteristic of Rome.

And they point to Rome's—and here Rome stands for Italy—strength and confirm our first surmise of conservatism as a character-

istic of Rome. For the progressive tenets of birth-control that are ravaging France, Germany, England and America, have no place in Italy.

Of old it was said, "And a little Child shall lead them." On our first day in Rome, the little children have led us, out of the intellectual superciliousness, out of the mental state of carping criticism, into the secret recesses of the heart of Rome, a heart that is childlike. Childlike, it admires the bright colors and gay ornament; childlike, it accepts the bounties of God, be it rain for two weeks or scorching sunshine for as many months; childlike, it sings its songs, street songs that rival the masterpieces of other nations in melody though perhaps it has but the price of a loaf of bread and a glass of wine in its pocket; childlike, it enters the churches, grand basilicas or historic old edifices hidden now in some out of the way corner, not merely on Sundays but on any day of the week and any hour of the morning; childlike, it seeks a place, not where it may watch to advantage and take notice of whether the woman ahead is wearing a mantilla or a handkerchief or last year's Easter bonnet done over, on her head; or whether the man to the right is wearing a monocle and a belted coat or a wine-cart driver's jacket; but where with distractionless devotion, it may take part in the Holy Sacrifice, kneeling upright on the bare stone pavement, with large, round black eyes fixed on the altar. Children do these things; the Italians in Rome do these things; we recall with a thrill that is not vouchsafed the casual tourist, that "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Our first impression summarized is that Rome is conservative because it is childlike; and being childlike, it is sublime. It dreams its dreams and translates them into stone and canvas and sets the artistic standard of the world; it sings its songs, and their melodies are transported to the four winds; it says its prayers from a heart that needs not the rhetoric of prayerbook to aid it, and the incense of their offering spreads its fragrance over the earth.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

It is not what a man knows but what he thinks he knows that he brags about.

College doesn't make fools, it develops them; doesn't make bright men, it develops them.

Billy

KEEP TO THE RIGHT

T. Z. AUSTIN, C.Ss.R.

"William, get back there; you stay at home!" shouted Mr. Black. William, a lad of twelve years, was just about to leave the house. At the sound of the angry voice, he wheeled round, poked his fists deep into his pockets, and looked defiantly at the man.

"The others are going out," he said bitterly; "I don't see why I can't go; why it is always that I can't go!"

Mrs. Black got the razor-strop; this was the usual proceeding. Mr. Black took it. The lad winced somewhat, but he was growing stubborn. He stood his ground.

"I want no impudence," said the man with finality. "Are you going to your room at once?" The lad looked at the man and woman and then turned and walked to his room—what was called in this house "his room."

"He's not dragging his feet this time," remarked Mrs. Black. "I wonder what he's up to?"

"Nothing—nothing—there's nothing in that boy. He's simply learned to fear the strap, that's all," said Mr. Black, as he returned to his newspaper.

In his room, William closed the door and turned to where he imagined the man and woman to be.

"You are always against me; you have always been. I can't do anything. I'm tired of it. I'm going to run away." Goaded on by the injustice of these people this thought had been growing on him. He had come to hate his existence and to think almost anything better than this. He walked over to the window; often he had stood before it. The thing was simple: climb out on the porch, slip down the post to the veranda, and then for the wide world.

It was a winter's night; but William had experience—wide for his age—in finding lodging places, even if it were only a sheltered hole under a sidewalk. That was in Chicago. He hoped to get back to Chicago now. That was his destination.

Taking his overcoat—it was rather shabby—and pulling his cap tightly over his ears, getting on his mittens and putting into his pocket a few pieces of money that he had earned by running errands, he locked

the door. Then quietly opening the window, he stepped out onto the porch and with boyish nimbleness climbed over the railing, letting himself slip down the post. Landed on the veranda, one glance was sufficient to tell him that inside no one had the least suspicion of his doings. He tiptoed down the steps and hurrying his pace, disappeared down the street.

He was headed toward the railway station. He was counting on stealing a ride under some freight train; he had often, in bitter moments, rehearsed the whole affair. It was a long walk, however, and it was bitterly cold. His toes were beginning to freeze, he thought. Before a restaurant, he stopped and wondered whether he should not get something to eat. But he decided that it would be better to wait till he came across some little store and bought some fruit and sandwiches. Counting his money, confirmed him in this idea.

Just then a machine drove up to the curb and a gentleman stepped out and hurried into the restaurant. William watched the man as he was met by the head waitress and led to a table. William was bitterly cold.

"I'll sit in the car and get warm," he decided suddenly and suited the action to the word. He pulled the lap robe around him and crouched at his ease in the seat. Overcome by weariness he fell asleep.

The man came out of the restaurant, dropped into the seat at the wheel and drove off. With the noise of the starting motor, William awoke. At once he realized his position. What to do? For a while he considered, much bewildered.

"What if I have to cough?" he thought to himself. And, of course, naturally, he had to cough at once. Oh, how he fought to keep it in! He couldn't. The man at the wheel was frightened out of his wits; he clamped on the brakes with a force that made them grind and squeal. It was a wonder that machine behind didn't crash into his. He shot round in his seat, and saw the boy huddled under the lap robe. This quieted him somewhat.

"What are you doing here?" he asked sharply, with some flourishes of language that would not look well here, but that clearly told his vexation and astonishment.

"Nothing, sir," replied William, himself more frightened than the man, "nothing at all. I was tired and cold and came in to rest and get warm. I fell asleep, I s'pose, and didn't hear you leave the restaurant."

"I'll lock my doors after this. But where are you bound for?"

"I'm going to the railway station," answered the lad.

"What do you want at the depot?"

"To get away—to get back to Chicago."

"Ah, a runaway!—Hm!—Sonny," said the man reflectively, "Sonny, come up here into the front seat, and while we drive on, you tell me what it's all about."

William climbed up into the front seat and the man set out once more on his way. The lad thawed out. He told his grievances as he had rehearsed them to himself time and again.

"Lad," answered the man, when he had finished, "you know, I thought I'd run away, too, once when I was a youngster, but I didn't go far. By evening I found out that it was better to be at home anyway. You had better go home again."

"This ain't my home, sir; this ain't!" said the lad with much feeling. "If it was home, and they'd take me, I'd go. But I ain't got any home except Chicago."

"You haven't any home except Chicago? That's some home, boy! Do you know how big Chicago is?"

"Sure," returned the lad; "and I know where I can sleep there, and I don't have to be beaten and starved and treated meanly."

"You say this man and woman aren't your father and mother?"

"No, they're what you call guardians. My dad turned me over to them."

"Where's your dad? He must be a d— funny sort of human to turn his boy out like that."

"Dad's in Chicago—he was there."

"Then you go to him, lad. I'll see that you get on the right train. Have you any money?" The boy brought the coin out of his pocket and held it up. The man laughed amused. "Just put that in your pocket again. I'll pay your way, if you promise to go home. Will you?"

"I will; I'll try," he added, remembering how his father had treated him. The man was as good as his word. When he had seen William comfortably ensconced in one of the big seats of the coach, he handed him some change.

"Take this, Sonny," he said; "you might need it; and God bless you. Do you pray, lad?"

"Not much," answered he. "I don't know how. Mother did. Dad never did; he drank. Mother taught me some things on the sly. But I've forgotten most—only this: Jesus, Mary, help! and 'Angel of God, my Guardian dear!' It's so easy to remember poetry."

"Was your mother Catholic?"

"Yes, mother was," answered William; "and Dad let her bring up my little brother as a Catholic, but not me. He could go to the Catholic school, but not I. And he got terribly angry if I ever went to a church."

"Well, lad, say those prayers; it's something. And when you get to Chicago, try to find out some priest, do you hear? And remember, always, keep to the right!" With a hearty handshake, he left the train.

William was alone. Of course, the train was not altogether new to him, but it was a long while since he had been in so beautiful, so warm and comfortable a place. So, in a short time he fell asleep. The next day was uneventful; bashfully he remained in his place. It was rather late on the morning of the second day that he arrived in Chicago. After finding a cheap place to eat, he set out in search of his old home. It was a longer walk than he had bargained for, and still, despite his tiredness, so great was his dread of his father, he could not find it in his heart to enter. He walked around the block three or four times, and finally, numb with cold, he started off to look up the old haunts. The old place under the sidewalk, where he had slept several times, was no more: a cement sidewalk replaced the old wooden one and all was filled up. Some of the old garages—once barns—still stood in their tumble-down condition.

Entering one, he found himself in the midst of the old gang—lads all of twelve to sixteen years. But evidently they had advanced in the ways of the underworld.

"Hello, Bill!" shouted one. "Say, fellows, if it ain't old Bill! You're just in time, Bill."

The shaking of hands having finished, the ringleader motioned for quiet, which had been almost forgotten in the joy of reunion.

"Bill," he said, "we're letting you in on this. You're one of the old crowd. You're true blue, aren't you?"

The lad agreed, not knowing what it was all about. He listened to the plans for robbing a store. A part was assigned to Bill also. He said nothing, deeming this the best way out for him, but inwardly determined that he would not be there. As soon as the deliberations were

complete, he set out on another tramp to find a place to sleep, this time more discouraged, because it seemed to him that he couldn't find any without getting into mischief. But always he remembered the words of his friend: Keep to the right.

* * * * *

After the first joys of Christmas were over, Buddy, our little friend of last month, who had been so delighted with his toys and the new-found love, became a very quiet and pensive child. Instead of playing with the boys of the neighborhood, he often went for a walk, always back to the old haunts where he had first been found by Miss Roberts. Both she and her mother had noticed it with some concern. One day Buddy was seated at the window for over an hour, looking disconsolately out over the street. Finally Esther asked him:

"What's the matter, Buddy? You seem to be dissatisfied; you seem to want something. Can't we give it to you?"

"No, it seems not," replied the youngster, shaking his curly locks. "I want my brother."

"Your brother?" asked Esther. "I never knew you had a brother. Tell us about him. Perhaps we can help you find him. What was his name?"

"Billy—just Billy," replied the boy.

"Not much of a clue," mused Esther. "What did he look like?"

"Oh, Billy," said the boy proudly, "was a man—he is twelve years old."

"Hm!" said Esther, "there are many twelve-year-old boys in Chicago!"

"But I don't even know if he is in Chicago," went on the boy. "I think he is. He was put by dad with some people in Boston, when I was put with that old lady, but Billy said he'd come back to get me."

"In Boston? Well!" responded Esther. "Say, I have an uncle there. I'll write to him to be on the lookout for Billy. Of course, there isn't much of a clue to give him. Meanwhile, we can't do anything but pray. Buddy, let's start a novena to our Lady of Perpetual Help—you and I and mother. We must get something if we all pray together."

Buddy was delighted to join. So they started that very day, and every day Buddy searched the old places that Billy had spoken of to

him with renewed zest. One afternoon he dressed up in his warmest togs and started off from the house.

"Where are you going, Buddy?" asked the mother.

"I'm going to the park, Mrs. Roberts," answered the boy. "They've put up a big slide for us boys and Steve Kelly's dad made a toboggan for us—a beaut! We're going to have some fun."

"All right, Buddy," replied the motherly old lady. "I think it will do you good. But don't get hurt!"

It was really a magnificent slide that was put up for the boys. However, they quickly improved on it. At the foot they heaped up a pile of snow, and pouring water over it, they converted it practically into a hill of ice. It was just something to give a thrill to the boys as the toboggan came gliding swiftly down the icy slide. A crowd of people stood round watching the merriment.

"Say," said Buddy, who had shown great proficiency in guiding the toboggan, "there's the butcher's driver—the fellow that spoils our games so often and is so mean—see him? Let's invite him down and give him a bump."

"Sure," said the rest, clapping their hands and laughing in anticipation. "Give him a good bump!"

So they invited the young man, who after some hesitation finally accepted. They put him on the end seat. If ever they came down the toboggan swiftly it was this time. Buddy saw to it that they hit the ice-hill squarely. Up went the toboggan; every boy clung firmly, because he knew what was coming. But the butcher's driver did not know. He flew up into the air, and when he came down, the sled had already cleared the hill; he landed on the slide and skidded the rest of the way over the crest of the bump. The crowd laughed aloud. The young man picked himself up, and as none of the boys dared to laugh, he thought it was accidental and walked shamefacedly away. Scarcely was his back turned than the youngsters broke out, unable to contain themselves longer.

"Buddy!" called someone from the side at that moment. It was Miss Roberts—Esther. She ran up excitedly, waving a piece of paper. It was a telegram from her uncle in Boston. The message explains her excitement. It read:

"I am sure I met the boy you speak of. I put him on the train two days ago. He must have landed in Chicago this morning."

The telegram reminded her that it was the very last day of their novena and, in her excitement, she wanted to break the news—good news because it gave a little clue—to Buddy at once.

But Buddy could not heed the call. The bully had come back and going straight up to Buddy, grabbed the little lad by the collar.

"You did that on purpose, you d—— kid," he bellowed. "I'll knock your block off; I'll break every bone in your body."

"No you won't!" shouted someone, who ran full force against the bully, bolting him across the side, while Buddy fell lightly to the ground. "Take somebody your size, why don't you?" continued the rescuer.

The newcomer was not exactly—not by any means—the size of the butcher's driver; but he felt much bigger, judging from the way he stood over him, with clenched fists, prepared to do more damage should it be necessary.

"Billy! Billy!" cried Buddy, struggling to his feet. "Billy!" he shouted wildly, running up and throwing his arms around the newcomer and hugging him. Esther had now come up, and was standing close by.

"Miss Roberts," said Buddy excitedly as he saw her, "here is Billy, my brother; say, can't he come home with us?"

"Good heavens!" said the young lady; "then this telegram isn't of much use any more. Surely he can come home with us; there's always room for one more."

"And this was the last day of the novena, Miss Roberts, wasn't it?" remarked Buddy as they walked away. "Oh, I knew Our Blessed Mother would help us find him."

And that's how Billy found his way to a new life.

ADMIRABLE ANSWER OF ST. LOUIS, KING OF FRANCE

One day St. Louis was told that he gave too much time to practices of devotion. "Men are strange," answered he, mildly. "My assiduity in prayer is imputed to me as a crime, and not a word would have been said had I employed the hours consecrated thereto in gambling, hunting wild beasts, or fowling!" The sainted king was right; but the world approves only that which it loves.

You've got to get up every morning with determination if you want to go to bed with satisfaction.

The Banner of St. Alphonsus

IN IRELAND

T. A. MURPHY, C.Ss.R.

In the year 1898 the Redemptorist houses in Ireland and in the vice-province of Australia were formed into a distinct province. Previously they had formed one province with England. The Australian vice-province was begun in 1882 when Fathers Vaughan, O'Farrell, Hegarty and Halson, with two lay-brothers, went to work under the Southern Cross. The blessing of God seems to have rested on the vice-province, also. It now counts six houses. Of late years there have been so many vocations to the Redemptorist Order under the Southern Cross—from among the secular Clergy and from the splendid young manhood of Australia—that in the near future the Australian vice-province will have a sufficient number of subjects for its own needs, and all the foreign missionary endeavors of the Irish province can be directed to the Far East.

For the last seventeen years the Irish Fathers (assisted by their brethren from Australia) have been working in far eastern fields, doing parish work and giving missions in the Philippines. The crying needs of those fields afar cannot be too earnestly put before our generous Catholic people in Ireland and America. The Catholics in the Philippines—there are about eight million of them—are the most abandoned Catholics in the world. At a low estimate there must be close on to two hundred parishes with no priest to look after them; and very often when there is a priest he is faced with work that would need the best efforts of two or three, or even four, men. "There are parishes in this diocese," writes a Philippine missionary, "that have sixteen, twenty, twenty-four, thirty thousand people in them, and only one priest to attend to them all." "When will you come to give us a mission?" a young native Filipino priest asked an Irish missioner one day; and then he added a fact more eloquent than pages of writing: "I was ordained last December, and now I have charge of five parishes." The Redemptorists are the only priests in the Philippines who are available for missions given from parish to parish as in Europe; and they have missions enough on their waiting list to keep them going for twenty years. Besides their ordinary missionary work they have charge of two par-

ishes, one at Malate in the city of Manila, and one in the island of Mactan, near Cebu (the second largest town in the Philippines). In the Mactan parish alone there are 22,000 Catholics.

This sketch would not be complete without at least a very brief notice of some of the more remarkable Redemptorists who worked in the Irish Province. A notice of them, besides, will give a fitting opportunity of mentioning some interesting events with which they were connected.

Something has already been said of Father de Held, St. Clement's disciple and friend. He lived to see his congregation grow strong and prosper in Ireland; and he died at the ripe old age of eighty-two at Vaals in Holland. In the first Redemptorist mission given in Ireland, the only Father who knew English as his native language was Father Douglas. He had been educated at Oxford, and was a convert to the Catholic Church. He belonged to a wealthy family (the Queensberry family), and it was his generosity which, to a great extent, enabled his confreres to purchase the site of the present Limerick house. He lived a remarkably saintly life and died at Rome in 1898. His Russian confre^re at the first Limerick mission was another very remarkable man. Like Father Douglas, Father Vladimir Petcherine, also, was a convert—but a convert from the Greek church. His father was a colonel in the Russian army, and he himself in 1831 was appointed professor in the University of St. Petersburg (Petrograd). Two years later the Czar Nicholas deputed him to study the university system of Europe. On his return he was appointed Librarian and professor of Greek in the University of Moscow. The more he studied, the more dissatisfied he grew with the Greek Church, and in 1840 he became a convert to the Catholic Faith. He left Russia about the time of his conversion, and although the Czar, who was a personal friend of his, urged him repeatedly to return, he never set foot in his native land again. He died in Dublin in the year 1884.

Father Petcherine's name came into great prominence in Ireland owing to the prosecution engineered against him by some Protestant bigots at Dun Laoghaire. He was accused of having burned the Bible amid a pile of bad books, which he persuaded the people to commit to the flames during a great mission given in what was then called Kings-town. He was defended at his trial by Mr., afterwards Lord, O'Hagan, and it is said that it was his defense of Father Petcherine that made the

future Lord's legal reputation. His speech at the end of the trial is indeed one of the most brilliant pieces of forensic eloquence in the English language*

The first local Superior of the Redemptorists in Ireland was Father Louis de Buggenoms. He was a man of more than ordinary sanctity and zeal. It was under his guidance that the Limerick house and church were built. It was also through his care and zeal that the spiritual daughters of St. Alphonsus—the Redemptoristines—were established in their now well-known residence at St. Alphonsus Road, Dublin. In the midst of a life of labor and prayer he managed to find time also for the apostleship of the pen. The *Redemptorist Mission Book*, originally composed by one of St. Clement's penitents from the University of Vienna, was translated into English by Father de Buggenoms. He also translated St. Peter of Alcantara's *Peace of the Soul*, published a treatise on the Contemplative Life, edited a new edition of St. Alphonsus' Instructions on the Commandments and Sacraments, and translated into French Father Tannoia's monumental *Life of St. Alphonsus*. Father Luois, as he was generally called, labored in England and Ireland for sixteen years, and died at Brussels in 1882.

The second Superior of the Limerick house, Father Bernard, was already looked upon as one of the most distinguished preachers in

*The speech lasted three hours. Many of the facts so eloquently set forth in it are as full of useful interest now as they were then. The following passage is a good specimen of the whole discourse:—

"The Redemptorist Fathers have held it their solemn duty to resist the introduction of scandalous books, creeping too fast amongst us, because they know that such books are devilish agents for the destruction of the bodies and the souls of men—that to the individual they bring debasement, and to the State decay—deforming the beauty and destroying the gracie of man's moral nature and making him a brutal sensualist and a godless reprobate, whilst they sap the foundations of social order and the authority of law, which have their only security in the high sanctions of a nation's virtue and religion.

"I asked one of the witnesses whether the book which I hold in my hand was not one of those amongst the bundles brought to Father Petcherine, and he answered that it was. . . . I have looked through portions of it; and I tell you that it presents a mass of bestial and revolting impurities, adequate, if sin can do so, to bring down God's avenging wrath upon the unhappy people who, week after week, delight to wallow in them. Look at these obscene pictures; regard the tales of worse obscenity which they illustrate; consider the effects they must produce on the heart and understanding of the multitude; remember that they circulate through the length and breadth of England, and tell me if he is not a benefactor to our country who forbids the diffusion of their poison here. Of such books as these—more devastating than the pestilence, more terrible than internecine war, because they pollute the spirit of man, and kill his immortal hopes—my client has been the enemy."

Europe before he came to Ireland. There are two "Lives" of Father Bernard written in French and one in Dutch which give striking details of his success as a missioner. Ten, twenty, as many as thirty thousand people would come to hear him preach; and the confessionals were so crowded during his missions that sometimes twenty, or even thirty, priests were occupied hearing confessions. He gave nine missions in Ireland, the most remarkable of which was, perhaps, a mission given in the Cathedral at Cork, when forty priests were required to hear the confessions of the enormous crowds that came to hear the famous missionary. He left Ireland for Rome in 1855, and ten years later died at Wittem in his native Holland.

Father Bridgett, the author of the *Life of Blessed Thomas More*, *Blessed John Fisher*, and several other well-known works, was for six years Superior of the Limerick house (1865-1871). During his rectorate two events occurred which were destined to have very far-reaching spiritual results for the people of Ireland. The miraculous picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help was introduced into this country for the first time, and unveiled by Father Bridgett at Limerick on the 29th of December, 1867. Within a month after there was wrought what Dr. Butler, Bishop of Limerick, described as the greatest recorded miracle of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, when 1,500 Limerick men joined the first Holy Family Confraternity established in Ireland. The devotion to Our Lady of Perpetual Help has gone on increasing since those closing days of sad '67, till it can be truly said that there is scarcely a Catholic home throughout Ireland which does not honor Our Lady under her consoling title of Perpetual Help. The other great work of Father Bridgett has also prospered. Although he was Director of the Confraternity for less than a year, he laid the foundations well. With the blessing of Heaven the Confraternity has gone on increasing till it has won for itself world-wide fame as a model organization. Father Bridgett returned to England in 1871, and died at Clapham, London, in 1899.

The first Irishman to join the Redemptorist Congregation was William Plunkett, the third son of the Earl of Fingall. At first he chose a military career, and was for six years an officer in the army. In the year 1850 he decided to become a soldier of the Cross, and went to the Continent to begin his novitiate and ecclesiastical studies. After his ordination he worked hard for forty-five years, "spending himself

and being spent" for the salvation of souls. He was Rector of the Limerick house when the church of St. Alphonsus was solemnly dedicated in 1862. At the age of sixty-four he volunteered for missionary work in Australia. In September, 1900, he was on his way to a great Catholic Congress at Sydney when, owing to a sudden lurch of the ship in a rough sea, he was thrown from the stairway on to the deck. As a result of this accident he died a few days later. At the Congress he was to have read (at Card. Moran's request) three papers, one being on vocation to the priesthood.

Since Father Plunkett entered, three-quarters of a century ago, quite a host of the sons of the Gael have joined the Redemptorist Order. There is scarcely a diocesan seminary or college in Ireland which has not given some of its *alumni* to the spiritual family of St. Alphonsus. No college has given more than the greatest of them all—Maynooth. It is remarkable that of the four Provincials who have ruled the Irish province since its inception in 1898, three were educated at Maynooth—the late Bishop of Dromore, Dr. Boylan (who had been Bursar of the college), Most Rev. Father Murray (who has been General of the whole Order since 1909), and Father Griffith (who is still with us, busy with his pen despite his advancing years). It is remarkable, too, that no less than five Directors of the Men's Confraternity in Limerick were past pupils of Maynooth College.

The Irish Redemptorist Province counts, according to the latest census, about 125 priests, 50 ecclesiastical students, 12 choir-novices and 74 lay-brothers. In the space of twenty-five years since it became a separate province (1898-1923), it has given more than 8,700 missions (including "renewals") and more than 9,000 retreats. It is one of twenty provinces which make up the whole Redemptorist Congregation and which number, all told, about 5,000 Redemptorists.

It will be seen even from this rapid sketch, that the sons of St. Alphonsus in Ireland have reason to be thankful to Divine Providence for the assistance it has so lavishly given them. They are, indeed, grateful to God and to Our Lady of Perpetual Help. They realize, too, that they owe their success, under Heaven, to a large host of benefactors throughout Ireland—to the bishops and priests who have so often befriended them, and to the lay-people who have so often helped them, even to the giving of their dearest treasures on earth—the children of their homes.

How About It!

A TALE OF SLEEPY HOLLOWS

J. W. FENNELLY, C. Ss. R.

Hills that toss their verdue-crested rills athwart a dull, leaden sky; beetling crags with the lines of a frown that is irremovable, meadows that peer between the slopes like children's eyes from behind the folds of a drawing-room portiere, echoes that crash and roar and whisper and sigh; a winding stream that patiently, slowly, steadily traverses its erratic path to the sea; the Hudson Valley, home of Washington Irving, Wouter van Twiller, the Patroons, Ichabod Crane and Rip van Winkle, and numberless other celebrities including C. Hollingsworth Appleby.

Appleby was a youth of twenty-one hard-earned years, passing fair for this era of shieks and near-shieks, a connoisseur in dress with a good eye for the bargain sale on the event of a fire or threatening bankruptcy—and adventurous.

On the occasion of his attaining his majority, he bought a self-propelling vehicle of the flivver type, for forty-five dollars down and the rest to be hoped for. Then he made an act of faith, surveyed the rolling country stretched before his view from the front porch of his home on Kingston Point, then turned to the west where the Catskills loomed lazily to block his way to the region of his dreams; the deep, wide, mysteriously vague West.

"How about it, Cornelius," inquired his aunt from the recesses of a sun-parlor, or solarium, as she now called it.

"Hollingsworth," he corrected her with dignity becoming the name.

"Cornelius," returned his aunt with quiet determination.

"Well then, how about what?" he answered with an air that bespoke his appreciation of the hopelessness of arguing with a woman.

"You were baptized Cornelius after a Saint," continued the gentle lady. "That Hollingsworth thing was slapped on as an afterthought. How about it?"

"Really I had nothing to say in the matter," returned the youth. "In fact I have had nothing to say in any of the important episodes of my life—till the present."

"And that is not begun yet—not to say anything about the finish. But what I want to know is what are you going to do with that antique

that is decorating our front yard?" She raised her black lorgnette to her eyes and surveyed him severely. Ever since his mother had died, Miss Appleby whose solitary romance had been blighted by a premature death, and whose character, contrary to the usual tendency in such cases, had become sweeter and kindlier with the passing years, had been guardian and foster-mother to C. Hollingsworth Appleby. She had dreams sometimes, when she was not engaged in collecting rents or patching the clothes of the growing youngster, of this boy of hers, taking his place in a fine, big office, a coming Captain of finance. She would supply the funds, and he would capture the market. Not that she cared a fig for the money; it was the renown for her brother's son that she craved. And to think he had begun his financial career by investing in such an object. She gazed from him to the window, then outside to the dilapidated automobile, with bent fenders, rusted radiator, and badly wrinkled top that was parked at the front gate. Then the lorgnette focussed itself on C. Hollingsworth again and moved him to answer.

"Going West!" he replied laconically.

"Guess again," she responded briskly. "You're going to work and work hard. You have finished your school work—for the present at least. Tomorrow morning, there is a position awaiting in Lawson and Appleby's office. I know he is your cousin, but I have instructed him with regard to you. You are to receive no favors; you'll have to make good on your own efforts. Now, kindly take that thing around to the back: As long as you have it you might as well make the best of it. But if I hear of any tricks with it—if I get a single complaint from the police or anyone else; out it goes. That is final."

C. Hollingsworth looked at her languidly; he had seen the pose in the movies and had even essayed a trial or two before his mirror; it was striking, he thought. But unconsciously he stiffened; his feet began to move, and seemingly by their own instinct, they led him to the door. That old lorgnette; he'd have to get rid of that. It was nerve-racking; it might even occasion an inferiority complex in him if he was not on his guard. Meanwhile he moved; and soon the car moved; and both made their way to the alley entrance and to the parking space beside the woodshed.

Down in the office of Lawson and Appleby, a consultation between the partners was in session.

"I know we are not in need of extra help, Appleby," the other partner remarked in the course of their discussion; "but it won't hurt to give the boy a chance at least. Then he can go wherever there is an opening, and carry a recommendation with him. It is almost essential to have experience these days; and nobody seems to be willing to give the newcomer a chance to get the experience. Sure, take the boy on."

"I know of him, Lawson," his partner answered grimly. "He did not take after either of his parents; he is an upstart. Where he got it, only a prophet could tell. Maybe that blamed prep school did it; at any rate he is a nuisance now and a pest in the making. But since you are willing, we'll take him on; now there remains just one condition. If he comes here, you will have to supervise his work. I'll have none of him. And be sure you give him plenty from the start; plenty and hard work too. It won't do him any harm."

And C. Hollingsworth Appleby's future was laid out for him. All that remained was to enter the throne-room and take possession of the scepter.

The threads that make up the warp and woof of life are often strangely disconnected in the beginning of the weaving. Yet out of the tangle comes the tapestry, a masterpiece. In C. Hollingsworth's case, the thread that led him via the West Shore, from his aunt's cozy home up the Hudson to his cousin's office in New York, was lacking anything spectacular in its makeup. But the tapestry of life, fortunately is not made up of one thread.

Far out on the Pacific coast, another thread had begun to unwind from the spool. At present it was wandering aimlessly, waiting other threads, waiting for other circumstances that would lead it into the plan of some life.

Now Mr. Mavis Mallonye was no thread. Far from it. And his daughter Hazel with all the dignity of her twenty summers plus all the polish of St. Mary's Academy training would have resented any comparison with a thread, in no uncertain manner. They were not snobs; just matter of fact people who took the world as they found it and left it that way and desiring nothing more from it than the rigorous application of the Golden Rule. Whatever was wrong with the world was amply explained by their religion. They were good Catholics, and knew that the prophecy of old still applied, "You are not of the world—therefore the world hateth you." All Mr. Mallonye worried about the

world was to see that it gave him a living; and he had done that so successfully that he had determined to take a rest and go on a long trip to the East.

It was his daughter's idea; that of making the trip by machine. And she usually had her way; so the trip was to be made in their Packard. Then she added a new feature.

"Daddy dear, and I shall drive." The thread was unwinding fast from the spool.

"That you will not," he answered, and for a few minutes he meant it. She looked at him in silence. "Well, er, Hazel, if you think you can stand it."

"Humph; I wouldn't be your daughter, if I couldn't make a little thing like a machine go where it's supposed to go." She meant it for a compliment; he grinned as he thought of all it might imply. And she saw the smile and knew it was settled. The spool was nearly empty.

C. Hollingsworth Appleby bade his foster-mother farewell the next morning with all the aplomb of a young businessman with a successful career well begun. In spite of her strictness with him, she felt she would miss him and there was a tear in her eye as she waved to him. It was all she could do; to talk was risky. Her voice might tremble, and she could not permit that weakness. But as he was leaving, her habitual expression would find its way out, and her farewell was "How about it!"

While he was interviewing Mr. Appleby, a few hours later, Mr. Lawson ran into the office. His unceremonious entrance caused some surprise but his message was explanation enough.

"Look at this, Appleby, our clients Janard and Co., want us to collect from some fellow on the Pacific coast; name Mallonye; sum \$20,000; time limit a week. I just wired our agent in Seattle, and he tells me that that party has just left on a trip for points unknown in the East."

"That is interesting," remarked Appleby, forgetting the young applicant for a position was standing near him. "And time is the important thing, if I know Janard's situation. I suspect he has been dabbling in Wall Street and is caught—again. Now his firm is up against it. Bankruptcy is a bad business for him; so we have to save him. But we are collectors—not detectives, Lawson. We have done enough; shall we turn it down?"

"I hate to do it, Appleby. We have made a record for not failing to collect; I think we ought to see it through, for the sake of our record."

"Very well with that decided, how are we to go about it?" Lawson said nothing and the two partners studied the telegram thoughtfully for a few minutes. Then Appleby began to laugh.

"We have nothing to lose and it might succeed. Here, young man, come over here. Mr. Lawson, I want to present to you, my cousin, Mr. Cornelius Appleby, of whom I spoke yesterday. I think he is the man we want for this job."

C. Hollingsworth had winced at the Cornelius, but the rest of his cousin's speech removed the sting of hearing the hated name. He felt important.

Lawson shook his hand as he looked him over thoughtfully.

"I hear from your aunt, that you have invested in a machine already," remarked Mr. Appleby. "It's not exactly the sign of a good business man; but you will learn."

"It was only an old Ford," blurted out C. Hollingsworth; all the importance gone.

"Well, that is a redeeming feature," answered his cousin grimly, while Lawson's lips were trembling with smothered laughter. "And it will be more so now. Your first assignment is to get on the trail of this Mallonye, locate him and serve papers on him that we will prepare. We do not want a lawsuit, for our client could not stand it; but he need not know that. All he will want is to settle up. Lawsuits are not popular. Are you ready?"

Now C. Hollingsworth had dreamed of just such a scene as this. He had pictured to himself just how he would act; he had even rehearsed just what he would say. But, there was no strong and sturdy phrase on his lips now that he needed it; his shoulders did not square themselves instinctively as he had seen on the moving picture screen when the hero was confronted with a do-or-die proposition such as he was facing. He twirled his cap in his fingers, looked at the door, out of the nearest window, at the picture over his cousin's head, at Mr. Lawson, who was still studying him with interest, and finally at his cousin. Somewhere down in side of him a spark had begun to

take fire; he thought these men were making sport of him; he would show them. At least he could make an effort.

"When do I start?" was his only reply.

The next train north carried a much elated partner. The two men had rather mistrusted the idea of sending an inexperienced boy on such an errand; on the other hand there was little else to do. Confidence was an important factor in the affair; their client's affairs could not stand publicity. Any report of his straits would bring a flock of creditors about his ears, and bankruptcy proceedings would follow as a matter of course. So the proposition, made at first in a half joke, was confirmed.

"You see, aunty," C. Hollingsworth explained with his former nonchalance regained, "it is a task requiring tact and speed. Now I have the tact, and we shall see if Lizzie out there has the speed. I am to start tomorrow, and—"

"How—about—it!" gasped his aunt.

"And go west," he concluded. "It will not be long, for the party I am looking for is driving east; we should meet, I imagine, somewhere around Chicago or St. Louis; possibly Denver." The cities named were in close juxtaposition in our hero's mind; all recent imitation metropolises formed on the model of New York. He had visions of a wonderful tour through regions where the Indians still roamed at large, where cowboys still drew their trusty six-shooters and painted the towns red; where droves of bison made the earth tremble beneath their hoofs. It sounded good, "go west."

Another spool was yielding its thread to the future tapestry.

Now, sometimes, the loom works swiftly and sometimes the loom is slow; but in any case the warp and the woof intermingle; and the cloth is woven.

The Packard, under Hazel's skillful hands, made splendid time over the highways. The Ford, with its time worn equipment, did not do so well. So C. Hollingsworth did not figure on reaching Denver. Then, as he began to realize the extent of the country he was traversing, he omitted St. Louis from his calculations and made Chicago his objective. Moreover, the necessity of planning against his machine's eccentricities taught him more in a couple of days than he had learned in school in his life. Finally the types of people he met, especially when he was in difficulty, which was often, had an

imperceptible influence on him. The shallow superciliousness he had permitted to grow on him, and had inflicted so often on his kind aunt, began to disappear. He had plenty of time for thinking as the dreary miles rolled by on the road; and the more he thought, the greater became his esteem for his foster-mother with her familiar exclamation, "How about it," and the more insignificant he seemed in comparison.

He was much encouraged by a wire he received from his cousin after he had made known his plan. The plan had evolved from the sheer necessity of conserving gasoline. He had figured that Mallonye would keep to the Lincoln Highway. He had learned from his cousin the make and the license number of the machine. The rest would have to take care of itself.

The Mallonye party, composed of Mr. Mallonye, his daughter Hazel—and as an afterthought of Mr. Mallonye's special office boy, Frankie Henderson, were enjoying their tour immensely. The trip through the Rockies had its thrills; the splendid prairies were something new. Salt Lake City was of special interest on account of the Salt Lake itself. Frankie Henderson amused the party by his antics in the buoyant water. Then Denver, Kansas City, with its boulevards, "the best in the world"; St. Louis, and the Mississippi; all proved worthy of the reports that had reached the West concerning them. But the trip began to become tiresome when the long stretches were encountered again in the Mid-West farming regions. Besides the weather had become extraordinarily warm, and the big cities were suffocating. So they decided to hurry to the Atlantic Coast; and Hazel turned the machine on to the Lincoln Highway.

When they drew near Huntington, Indiana, Mr. Mallonye decided to rest a while. He was worried about affairs at home. It was all right to leave home without leaving an address when affairs were in such good condition as his were in; but still things have a way of turning up, as Micawber would say; and they usually turn up in an undesirable form. So stopping at a little town near Huntington, where they found an unusually good hotel, Mr. Mallonye wired home. Meanwhile Hazel took Frankie out for a drive to see the place. The boy was enjoying everything so hugely, she continued to drive, even after sunset had set in.

When she turned the machine around to return, the road seemed

to take on a different appearance. What were only crossroads before, now appeared as forks. And stretches of macadam in the road made selection of the right way more difficult. Twilight settled into dusk, and dusk into deep night, and still they seemed no nearer the town. The front lights made the road seem infinitely long; and the curves became dangerous. Suddenly, in the distance, they could see the rear light of a car parked at the side of the road. Moving figures obscured its dim rays from time to time.

"Holy smokes, what a pickle, Miss Mallonye," muttered Frankie. "Can you turn around?"

"No chance, Frankie; that ditch is too deep; we might as well fight it out with the four wheels under us as on top of us. What do you say?"

"All right's far's I'm concerned," muttered the boy as he dove down beneath the windshield. After struggling around for a few minutes, he came to the surface with the tool kit and a box of equipment. He selected two good wrenches from the pile and gave one to the girl. Then, opening the box, he picked out a half dozen emergency fuses.

"I ain't much with a club, Miss Mallonye, but I can throw like a fish," he explained as he fingered the missiles. "As soon as we get near them, put on the juice and sail; if I see a gun, I'll let the guy have one of these before he yells at us."

"Good boy, Frankie; now let's say a Hail Mary we get through this." She slowed the car up a trifle; then, after the short prayer, threw on full speed. Meanwhile her diminutive escort took a fuse in each hand, and prepared for battle.

When they drew near, they saw white-garbed figures standing back out of the light of the other machine. In front of it, another man was having difficulty with the crank.

Two white gowned men stepped into the road directly in the path of the big car. They merely held out their arms, so Frank was non-plussed.

"Should we stop, Frank, or run them down," muttered the girl between her teeth.

"No use killing them unless we got to," shouted back the boy.

The car was brought to a stop, and one of the hooded figures stepped to the running board.

"This road is reserved for the evening, Miss; you will have to make a detour."

"Detour! On a perfectly good state trunk highway! I see myself." She was trembling with indignation.

"Sorry, Miss; the only alternative is to remain here till midnight, when the road will be open."

"Say, what's the big idea, you big cheese," piped up the boy.

For answer, the fellow leaned over and slapped him across the face. And without hesitating, the boy reached and snatched the hood from the other's face. Meanwhile, the girl instinctively snatched up one of the wrenches. The rest of the white guard hurried around the machine.

"Now, Miss," spoke up one of them, "there's no use making a fuss. It won't get you nowhere. Just go back the way you came and when you get to the first crossroad, take it and bear left."

"And where would that get me?"

"To Huntington."

"Well, that's just where I do not want to go. Where does this lead?"

"Nowhere that you want to go. So you can stay right here."

"Like so much!" Another voice from the opposite of the car. The white figures, the girl and Frank all jumped with surprise, and found themselves looking, first, at a pair of shining automatic revolvers, then at the young fellow who held them.

"You had me straddled, you bunch of bums; me and the Ford; but we'll fix you. Hey, you with the cloth grin; get over there and crank that car. The rest of you line up." Four formed a line; hands in the air. The first indicated with a gesture of the gun stepped to the Ford and began to work.

There was a sputter from the Ford, then a roar.

"Attaboy! You have all the makings of a good garage-man including the holdup tactics. Now then, sonny, you take one of these guns. Keep it pointing straight ahead and it won't hurt anyone that counts. Now, gang, 'tention. Keep the mits up; it's healthy exercise. Miss, I'm from New York and I don't know a blame thing about this country. Do you?"

"If I can get on the main road again, I can find my way."

"Well, all I know is that this is not the main road. You must have

taken the same wrong turn I did. Suppose we go ahead to the first lane; turn around, get rid of these beauties and sail."

"Very well. But I'm on my way back to Summerdale."

"So am I. All right, you fellows, forward march."

They made their way slowly along the road till out of the darkness they descried a private road leading into a farmyard. First the Packard turned around; then while the boy kept his gun trained on the sulky quintet in the white robes, the Ford swung around.

"Now, Miss, get set to go fast, and keep your eye on the road; it's up to you to find the way. I'll see that these fellows behave." With a roar the big Packard swung into the center of the road and made off. Shortly after the Ford followed. Together they raced along the highway, till coming to the fork in the road, a short consultation accompanied by close study of the road map the young man carried was held and they set out on the other and the right road.

When they reached town, they found Mr. Mallonye furious. The town seemed deserted. He had been trying to get a machine to go after his daughter; but none was to be had.

"All gone to a nightgown parade out in the country; what a state of affairs." He had expressed his thoughts freely to the few people he met; but they were helpless.

Hazel recognized him as he paced up and down the old fashioned veranda of the hotel and drove over there at once. C. Hollingsworth followed in line, for he needed the comforts of a hotel and this was obviously the only one in town. He arrived, after parking his precious Ford, in time to hear the end of the young lady's tale.

"And Mr., Mr.—why really," she laughed, "I thought I knew your name all the while. During that controversy with the Klansmen, it seemed to me as though we had met long before." The youth bowed and introduced himself, at the same time handing Mr. Mallonye his card.

"Glad to know you, Mr. Appleby; I do not know of your firm, but there are many firms in the east that I do not know. My name, by the way is Mallonye; it is supposed to be Irish; and it is in everything except appearance; some ancestor must have been ashamed of the plebian appearance of it, and so attached the extra y and e. Would you join my daughter, also my young assistant, and myself at dinner?"

C. Hollingsworth would, with alacrity; but he wished to register

and get a room ; then there was the matter of clothes for the occasion.

Mr. Mallonye understood his hesitation and laughed. "Don't worry about dinner dress," he remarked, "it isn't done here, you know. Moreover, we are the only people in this place at present ; the salesmen have come and gone and none will reappear till the end of the week."

During the meal, Mr. Mallonye became more chatty than was his wont and mentioned his news from home. "Imagine it, Hazel, that rascally Janard and Co. are demanding payment of their \$20,000. After all the trouble we had with their goods, we ought to be paid for accepting their consignment. Well, they'll have to wait. By tomorrow we will be on our way again, and even my own agents will not know whither. And if Janard is in a hurry, he can get some collecting firm to try the trail ; then after we have fun with them, we will settle with Janard once for all."

"Pardon me, Mr. Mallonye," interposed Appleby, "What kind of concern is Janard?"

"It is hard to say, son ; all I know of them is what Bradstreet's gives and what I experienced. They handle farm implements ; and I needed just that line of goods two years ago. I gave them a big order and got goods that looked good but did not stand up. After a year's use, everything went to pieces. Remember the line of kickers we used to have at the office?" This to his daughter. But she did not hear.

She had been noticing her partner at the other side of the table and thinking of the romantic meeting. He looked like a nice boy ; he certainly was a gentleman ; inclined to be conceited, but what boy is not, she thought) ; in fact she rather liked him. And her father's question in diverting his own attention, gave C. Hollingsworth a chance to really notice his companion in the evening's escapade without appearing rude.

She was wearing a travelling suit—the place was too dusty to risk finer fabrics, and the color had been adroitly selected to show to advantage her lustrous black hair, not shingled, he remarked with approval—her fine features and especially her eyes, light blue with long black lashes. C. Hollingsworth developed a sudden weakness for light blue eyes with long dark lashes—and lost all track of the discussion.

Mr. Mallonye was too interested in his topic to notice his distracted listeners. But finally, he paused and the silence was so intense—broken threads of conversation when the break came through inadvertence,

are always hard to splice—that Appleby was forced to speak. Taking a chance at random, he asked Mr. Mallonye what kind of a settlement he would think just in the case. He spoke merely to get time to gather his wits.

"Settlement? I will pay that scoundrel just half of what he asks and he can be mighty glad he's going to get that. I've a good mind to let the thing get into court and fix him, but I don't care for that sort of thing, especially with a jury trial. Juries are uncertain factors; sometimes their intelligence exists only on paper."

C. Hollingsworth and the girl went for a walk after dinner, during which he explained his situation. Together, they roused the telegraph operator at the station and wired New York. Appleby was at home but the telegram reached him. In the morning a reply came back; the firm was delighted; the settlement was all that could be expected; collect and wire. Janard & Co. would be saved which they did not deserve, and Appleby and Lawson, like the Northwest Police would have kept its record intact—it had never failed to reach its man.

"So you are the collecting agent for that blankety blank firm," remarked Mr. Mallonye when Appleby approached him the next morning with his proposition.

"No, sir; the representative of the firm which is the collecting agent for that firm you so correctly describe."

A big difference. But why hide this during our conversation last evening?"

"I was so surprised at the thought that my journey was over, I did not know what to think. Even my remark concerning what you would consider a just settlement was made at random. And when we walked through the town afterward, I wired New York, offering the settlement you suggested; it was accepted at once. Our firm will be glad to get rid of the business."

"Do you represent your firm enough to be able to receive the payment?"

For answer, the lad showed the telegram, which gave him ample authority. Mr. Mallonye took his check book and prepared to write out a check; then changed his mind. "Wire back, that the settlement is made, Mr. Appleby. We shall be in New York this week and I'll attend to it myself. Are you going to risk returning in that car?"

"Not much! I'm through with it. Today I'll see if I can sell it; then

me for the afternoon train and home." He glanced at Miss Mallonye as he spoke, and he almost jumped with surprise and delight, when he noticed she was looking rather solemnly out of the window.

"Daddy," she remarked suddenly. "I'm tired of driving; couldn't we coax Mr. Appleby to go with us and drive the big car to New York."

"It is unethical for a young man to be engaged in two different lines at the same time," the old man grinned.

"If that is the case, I'll resign the New York position," laughed C. Hollingsworth.

(To be concluded.)

THE BEST GIFT OF GOD TO HIM

In a letter written by Grover Cleveland to a friend who was about to be married, we find sentiments expressed that are too beautiful to pass over.

Since our daily papers print the flippant remarks of every so-and-so about marriage it would be well if more words like these—from men of character and standing—could be brought before the growing youth. Cleveland, then President of the United States, wrote:

"As I look back upon the years that have passed since God, in His infinite goodness, bestowed on me the best of gifts—a loving and affectionate wife—all else, honor, the opportunity of usefulness, and the esteem of my fellow-countrymen, are subordinated in every aspiration of gratitude and thankfulness.

"You are not wrong, therefore, when you claim, in the atmosphere of fast-coming bliss which now surrounds you, kinship with one who can testify with unreserved tenderness, to the sanctification which comes to man when heaven-directed love leads the way to marriage. Since this tender theme has made us kinsmen, let me wish for you and the dear one who is to make life doubly dear to you, all the joy and happiness vouchsafed to man." (McElroy: *Grover Cleveland, the Man and Statesman*.)

Poverty never spoils a good man, but prosperity often does.

Most men get cross-eyed when they size up themselves, and see an angel instead of what they are looking at. There's nothing that tells the truth to a woman like a mirror, or that lies harder to a man.

Catholic Anecdotes

THE FIRST STEP A BOOK

Captain Marceau was born at Chateaudun in 1806. At first he led an exceedingly dissipated and scandalous life; we might almost say, with one of his friends, that he was a very "devil on earth."

After his return to God, he said one day to some working-men, who had no religion: "My friends, at one time I was an unbeliever like yourselves; no one detested Christianity more than I did; but I must do it this justice, so long as I was not Christian, I was unhappy, excessively unhappy. Up to then I did not live; no, such an existence was not living; I moved in every direction as my passions urged me or dragged me, but I did not live. No, I was not a man, I was only a machine."

Marceau loved the truth. He had an upright and even a great soul. A friend having begged of him to study that religion against which he was always blaspheming, he accepted a book from him. A fellow-officer, a good Christian, remarking the little treatise, said to him in astonishment: "You are studying religion, then, Marceau? What do you think of this work?" At these words Marceau colored up. "How can you act thus?" continued the officer. "It is cowardly. What you have read is either true or false; if it is true, you ought to give way. Indifference, in this case, is an offense against reason; the question is too important a one to be trifled with." One day Marceau said to his friend: "I have read, I have reflected, and I believe; I am converted." "But it will not suffice to believe," said the officer, "you must practice, you must pray and overcome yourself." Alas! Marceau had even forgotten his "Our Father" and "Hail Mary." He began to learn them and to recite them. This was what the Heart of Jesus was demanding in order to lead that soul captive. Later on, when he was asked what he had done to be converted, he replied: "I read, I prayed, and Heaven did the rest."

Authority swells up some fellows so that they can't see their corns.

Pointed Paragraphs

STOP, LOOK, LISTEN

This is an announcement to which we would like to call your attention especially.

February has been set aside as "CATHOLIC PRESS MONTH." This is to call the attention of all Catholics to their duty of supporting the Catholic press—a duty they owe not only to themselves, but especially to our children and growing young people.

There is a conviction common to all thinking people, and often expressed of late by the foremost men of the country, that the modern press is one of the most fruitful sources of evil for our young people.

It is, therefore, a serious duty for all of us to do what we can to provide reading matter that will delight and help them. This we will do, if we support in every way a press whose one reason for existence is the good of all. This is the Catholic press.

Talk about good books, spread good books, lend good books, buy good books, read good books, have others read them.

And what holds of books, hold also of weekly and monthly Catholic papers, magazines and periodicals.

BY WAY OF REMINDER

By way of reminder, let us append this list of very recent publications FOR EVERYBODY: Faith Desmond's Last Stand, by Elizabeth Jordan (Benziger); Children of the Shadow, by Isabel Clarke (Benziger); My Cousin Philip, by Roger Pater (Kenedy); Kelly, by M. J. Scott, S. J. (Benziger); Espiritu Santo, by H. D. Skinner (Kenedy); Our Nuns, by D. A. Lord, S. J. (Benziger); Adrian Fortescue, a Memoir, by Vance and Fortescue (Burns, Oates); The Small Missal (Benziger); The Wonderful Sacraments, by F. X. Doyle (Benziger); Spiritism, Facts and Frauds, by S. A. Blackmore, S. J. (Benziger); Little Cords, by F. Donnelly, S. J. (Kenedy); The Story of Extension, by Rt. Rev. F. C. Kelley, D. D. (Extension); With the

Church, by Mother Loyola (Kenedy); Be of Good Heart, by J. McSorley, C. S. P. (Kenedy).

FOR THE CHILDREN especially: The Our Father in Word and Picture (Matre); The Story of Jesus, by F. Finn, S. J. (Benziger).

FOR RELIGIOUS especially: Communion Devotions for Religious, by a Sister of Notre Dame (Benziger); The Catholic Teacher's companion, by F. M. Kirsch, O. M. Cap. (Benziger).

FOR PRIESTS especially: Sermons, by Rev. J. Whelan, O. S. A. (Benziger); Three Minute Homilies, by Rev. M. McDonough (Benziger); The Hymns of the Missal and Breviary, by Rev. M. Britt, O. S. B. (Benziger).

And hundreds more, to suit every taste and requirement.

CAN IT BE DONE?

It is said of Daniel O'Connell, the great Catholic layman, that he wrote his retreat resolutions in a note book which he kept with him and looked at daily, in order to examine how he was living up to his resolves.

This is something worth noting by every one. If that resolution is something worth keeping—if it is something that will better your personality and add to your human worth and happiness, then it is worth some effort. A most efficient means to secure its keeping is a daily glance at it and a daily examination of your conscience, asking yourself: How am I keeping it?

SOURCES OF HAPPINESS

It is well to cultivate the sources of happiness in life. There is prayer—as every Christian knows; there is working for others, especially the unfortunate.

Among the natural sources hardly any, perhaps, is so often suggested by great and good men as reading.

Sir John Herschel, one of the greatest scientists of all times, says:

"If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me under every variety of circumstances, and be a good source of happiness and cheerfulness through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading.

"Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail to make him happy. You make him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all ages."

"Happy is he who has lain up in his youth, and held fast in all fortune, a genuine and passionate love for reading."—*Rufus Choate.*

THE CHILD-LABOR AMENDMENT

Child-labor was once a crying evil. Child-labor has greatly diminished and is gradually diminishing still.

This is due partly to the creation of a healthy opinion against child-labor and partly to state legislation in regard to child-labor and education.

Consistent work along these lines will destroy whatever remains of the evil.

Why then a Federal Law—an amendment to the Constitution—putting undefined powers in the hands of the Federal Government?

Have we not had enough experience of late in Centralization of government?

WORLD PEACE

A certain Mr. Sencourt, writing in the December number of the "Atlantic Monthly," (non-Catholic), on the League of Nations, declares that it is, in the first place a failure; and in the second place, unnecessary, because the Vatican is a more powerful agency for the peace of the world. In his article occurs this comparison of the Papacy and the League of Nations:

"It has had in existence for some centuries just the organization which the ideals of peaceful men founded and aimed at maintaining at Geneva. But while the League of Nations still lacks the support of America, and rejects that of Germany and Russia; while it has become an outpost of French political influence, so that it must carry out commands of France with regard to determining the division of upper Silesia, and so that its officials were simply the agents of France in the Saar, and it could make no comment on the advance of the French army in the Ruhr, and must perforce give way to the Council of Ambassadors when Italy occupied Corfu; when its most eager sup-

porters openly admit that it cannot enforce its decision in war, nor even exert economic pressure; when in fact, it is only a means of registering the public opinion of certain countries among which France has so far dominated, the Holy See, wise with the experience of many centuries firmly fixed on principles of order and justice, bound essentially to the Christian ideals of charity and peace, confident of the inspiration of a divine authority, provides a centre which not only is neutral and universal, but which applies to every question at issue the immemorial principles of justice and the moderation of Christian influence."

LEGEND OF THE HEART-BROKEN MOTHER

A heart-broken mother knelt by the still form of her only son and poured out her soul in sorrow.

"No one has ever suffered so before," she cried, "no one!"

Startled by a sound as of a whirring of wings, she looked up into the myriads of faces: faces of mothers—mothers who had lost their only son. In their anguished eyes and sorrow-strained lips she read a grief such as her own. Her heart was filled with pity, and she prayed for strength to bear and faith to look beyond.

The faces crowded together, closer and closer, until they merged into one—the face of Mary of Judea.

"Cruel death has robbed thee, too, of thy only son," whispered the lips of the Mother of God; "but the Resurrection will restore him to thee."

From Mary's tender eyes a tear fell on the mother's hands. She was alone. She looked at the teardrop, and while she looked, it became heart's-ease.

There are two unpardonable sins in this world—success and failure. Those who succeed can't forgive a fellow for being a failure, and those who fail can't forgive him for being a success.

A young fellow with the right sort of stuff in him preaches to himself harder than anyone else can; and he is mighty often switched off the right path by having it pointed out to him in the wrong way.

—G. H. Lorimer.

Our Lady's Page

Mary the Mother of Perpetual Help

WHEN THE CHILD LEARNS TO WALK

Infancy and childhood are periods of danger to every child of Adam. When infancy has passed without any of those more common ailments of childhood-days the time of danger is not yet passed. Man, unlike the beasts of the field or the birds of the air, has many things to learn from his elders. Thus, a child must learn to walk, to talk, to pray, etc., etc. True, the innate faculty of doing all these things is in the child; but they must be brought out, developed. And of all of them the art of walking holds the first place. Even before it can utter an articulate sound the child will begin to manifest a desire to move about. It will begin to try to move, and the result: it begins to crawl. The observant mother soon sees this tendency and realizes that it is time to begin to teach her chid to walk. What a difficult task! And yet it is a labor of love; and a love that demands unbounded confidence in the patronage of the ever-watching Mother of Perpetual Help.

In Holy Writ we read that soon after the descent of the Holy Ghost, Peter and John went to the temple to pray. At the very entrance to the temple they were halted by the voice of a huddled form, asking for alms. It was a man of over forty years who had not walked from his birth. St. Peter spoke: "Silver and gold I have not; but what I have I give to thee: In the name of Jesus of Nazareth arise and walk." And taking him by the right hand, he lifted him up, and forthwith his feet and soles received strength. And leaping up he stood and then went into the temple to give thanks to God for so great a gift. (Acts III.) What joy—for he had not walked from his birth!

It is true that God could give to all of us the gift of walking as He does to so many of the brute-beasts—lower in the scale of creation than we. But, for His own and wise ends, He does not do so. Hence, the tedious process of learning to walk becomes one of the many miseries of this life.

Watch a young mother trying to teach her child to take its first steps

alone. How often the child falls! How often it would stop trying and get to crawling! How every move of that mother betrays her anxiety lest the little one fall and hurt itself! Then the fear that her dear one will attempt to walk whilst she is not around—and thus get into danger! Chairs, tables, stoves and many other things in the house are so much harder than the frail frame of her child! If it should fall hard and strike one of these objects—what danger to limb and even life! No wonder then that she will keep her child as close to herself at all times as is possible. Is it any wonder that so many sighs of relief escape her lips; or that she utters so many fear-filled prayers! And then when she has taught her own flesh and blood how to use its limbs—will it always use them for the honor and glory of God—?

The annals of the Holy Mount, a place of pilgrimage in Bohemia, contain the following: Among the pilgrims of the year 18— was a mother who was unduly sad and worried. She took part in all the pious exercises but seemed unrelieved. Being asked the source of her worry she confessed to her questioner that her child of almost three years had not yet been able to walk. This then was the object of her pilgrimage: to ask the good Mother of Perpetual Help to obtain this gift for her child. The compassionate multitude prayed for her intention along with the prayers for their own wants. This seemed to help her spirits, since she left resigned to the Holy Will of God. But confidence in Mary's powerful aid had to have its reward. And when she came near her home the child of her sorrow came forth to meet her.

Confidence in the Mother of Perpetual Help had its reward.

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

"We wish to give public thanks to Our Lady of Perpetual Help for a much desired favor granted through her intercession."—G. A. K., Chicago.

I wish to thank God and Our Lady of Perpetual Help for my promotion. It means much to me. I shall foster devotion to her in my new surroundings."

With most people happiness is something that is always just a day off. But I have made it a rule never to put off being happy till tomorrow. Don't accept notes for happiness, because you'll find that when they're due they're never paid, but just renewed for another 30 days.

Catholic Events

American scientific affairs occupied a prominent place in the discussions at the recent annual meeting of the Pontifical Academy of Science, known as the Academy of the "Nuovi Lincei." The Pope himself was present at this meeting as he was at the annual meeting of the previous year. His Holiness attended the annual meeting with as little formality as possible. He desired to be seated among the academicians. At the conclusion the Pope signed the roll of members present along with the others.

Father Gianfranceschi, president of the Academy, reported on the International Congress of Mathematicians, which was held in Montreal, and on the Centenary of the Franklin Institute celebrated at Philadelphia, at both of which he was present.

* * *

A special radio receiving set, equipped with a loud speaker, has been presented to the Pope by the Marconi Company. It has been installed in one of the drawing rooms of the Vatican.

* * *

The first formal convention of the Society of the Propagation of the Faith in America was held at the Shelton Hotel, New York, January 7th and 8th. Representatives of forty of the most important Catholic dioceses of the country were present. The Rt. Rev. Monsignor William Quinn, national director of the Society, presided. Cardinal Hayes addressed the convention. The purpose of the convention grew out of the recent meetings of the bishops of the United States, held at Washington last September, which considered the express wish of the Pope for the furthering of missionary work. According to the program laid down by His Holiness, steps were taken at the convention to unify all the collections for the missionary work of the Catholic Church. The Society will also be represented in the Missionary Exhibit at the Vatican during the Holy Year.

* * *

The Paulist Fathers of New York, acting on the suggestion of His Eminence, Cardinal Hayes, have completed plans, it is reported, for the installation of a powerful radio broadcasting station in New York, "for the purpose of acquainting the public with the Catholic viewpoint upon current affairs." The completion of the station, to be known as WPL, will mark the beginning of the first attempt on a large scale to carry the message of a single church into the home by radio.

* * *

Last year an organization was begun at Washington, D. C., known as the Federated Colored Catholics of the United States. At the meeting of the executives this year, a constitution was adopted, and plans

were laid for a vigorous expansion campaign. The aim of the organization is to band together the 250,000 to 270,000 Catholic Negroes in the United States into a central organization with auxiliary units in all important cities. The purpose of the organization is thus officially stated "It aims to federate all Catholic organizations and individuals of the race into one comprehensive organization, and to focus their attention upon the single purpose of improving the conditions of the Catholic Negro temporally and spiritually."

* * *

At the annual meeting of the American Association of Law Schools, held at the La Salle Hotel, Chicago, four Catholic law schools were admitted to membership in the Association. They were St. Louis University, Loyola University of Chicago, De Paul University of Chicago, and Notre Dame University. Three other schools have been members for some time: Creighton University of Omaha, Marquette University of Milwaukee, and the Catholic University of Washington, D. C. The Association of American Law Schools is the foremost standardizing agency of law schools in the United States, and demands the highest standards for a law degree.

* * *

At the annual meeting of the board of directors of The Catholic Converts' League of New York, the following officers were elected: President, Mr. Stuart P. West; Vice-President, Dr. Francis D. News; Second Vice-President, Miss Agnes Keyes; Secretary, Mr. Louis H. Wetmore; Treasurer, A. Vincent Freeman, M. D. The Rev. Henry E. O'Keefe, C.S.P., was elected spiritual director.

On January 26th, the Brothers of the Christian Schools, familiarly known as the Christian Brothers, celebrated the two hundredth anniversary of the solemn approbation of their order. It was solemnly approved by Pope Benedict XIII, on January 26th, 1725. The institute was founded by St. John Baptist de La Salle, in France. After its approbation by the Pope it developed rapidly. Both as religious and as teachers, the Christian Brothers have ever been distinguished for their achievements in the line of education, and devotion to the Holy See.

* * *

In a recent contest held by the Philadelphia Lighting Educational Committee, pupils of St. John the Baptist School, Manayunk, were awarded twenty-three prizes. A special letter of commendation was received from the committee, complimenting the school on the fact that, out of 248 schools competing, one-fourth of the total number of prizes was awarded to this school.

* * *

A telegram has informed the Superior General of the Holy Ghost Fathers that one of the missionaries of the Order, Father Leon Dufay, who was on his way to India, died a heroic death at the time of the shipwreck of the S. S. "Cigale," in the Indian Ocean. The ship carried 1,500 cases of gasoline. It caught fire at night, exploded and sank. Father Dufay remained on board to the last, giving absolution to the

crew and passengers and giving up his place to those who crowded into the life boats.

* * *

On January 13th, was buried in Cincinnati, Most Rev. Henry Moeller, the third archbishop of that see. The Pontifical High Mass of Requiem was celebrated by His Eminence, Patrick Cardinal Hayes. The Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Fumasoni-Biondi, was present in the sanctuary. There were also present many bishops and prelates, about 800 priests, delegations of nuns from various orders, and representative laymen from the different parishes. Acting Mayor Morris of Cincinnati ordered the flag at half-mast on the city hall during the funeral service, and a Cincinnati electric company broadcasted the sermon, which was delivered by Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis.

* * *

Distinguished guests gathered on January 6th, to honor Father Walter Elliott, C.S.P., oldest living Paulist and most distinguished American missioner, on his eighty-third birthday. President Coolidge also sent a message, through the Rev. B. F. McGahey, Catholic chaplain of the Walter Reed Federal Hospital, Washington. The message read: "President Coolidge wishes me to convey to you, Father Elliott, his heartiest congratulations on your eighty-third birthday and hopes that the God of goodness and mercy will spare you to continue your good work."

* * *

An impressive and colorful gathering assembled in Chicago recently. Four thousand Sisters, clothed in the distinctive garbs of their respective orders, assembled in the auditorium of Our Lady of Sorrows Academy, Chicago, to participate in a teachers' institute conducted by Rev. Dr. John A. O'Brien, Ph.D., director of the Catholic Foundation at the University of Illinois. More than forty different religious orders teaching in Chicago were represented. The institute was held under the auspices of His Eminence, George Cardinal Mundelein.

* * *

On the night of January 4th, a serious fire, starting in a large garage in Hastings, Minn., for a time, threatened a considerable portion of the town. The local firemen worked desperately for hours to control the menace. When this had been accomplished, they gave a splendid example of their Catholicism. As the time for eight o'clock Mass was approaching, the majority of the firemen, Holy Name men, headed by the mayor of the city, Harry A. Sieben, treasurer of the Holy Name Society, proceeded in their fighting togs to Guardian Angels' Church to hear Mass—it being Sunday and the feast of the Holy Name. After Mass the firemen finished the work begun at midnight.

* * *

Governor Clarence Morley of Colorado, who was elected by aid of the Ku Klux Klan, paid part of his debt to that organization in his inaugural address by attacking the use of altar wine. He suggested that the state "eliminate from the prohibition law the clause giving the right to obtain, possess or dispense intoxicating liquor for 'sacramental uses'."

THE Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.
Sign all Questions with name and address)

Would you kindly publish in the earliest edition of the "Liguorian" the age when a Catholic girl is able to receive the Sacrament of Matrimony?

The new code of Canon Law states (canon 1967): "Males who have not completed their sixteenth and females who have not completed their fourteenth year cannot marry validly." Accordingly a Catholic girl who is fourteen years old could validly receive the Sacrament of Matrimony, but to do so lawfully, so that no sin would be committed, more is required. Ordinarily the girl who has not yet reached her majority, should ask the advice and consent of her parents, if there is question of marrying a certain person; in fact canon 1034 states: "The pastor shall seriously admonish children, still under age, not to contract marriage without the knowledge or against the reasonable opposition of their parents; if they do not heed his advice he shall not assist at their marriage except after consulting the bishop."

The writer has the information that there is now a Saint Louise. Kindly give me a sketch of the life of this saint along with the date on which Holy Mother Church commemorates the feast of St. Louise. I have always been of the mind that the name of "Louise" was a feminine form of Louis.

Your information concerning a new "Saint Louise" is not quite accurate; no doubt you are referring to Blessed Louise de Marillac, who was beatified on the 9th of May, 1920. She has not as yet been canonized a saint, but the process for her canonization already has been begun and we can hope that in the near future, she will also be declared a saint.

Blessed Louise de Marillac was born in Paris on the 12th of August, 1591. Her mother having died soon after her

birth, Louise was brought up by her father, a man of blameless life, who provided for her all the educational advantages of her time. When she was about sixteen years old, Louise developed a strong desire to enter a religious order, but was dissuaded by her spiritual adviser, Almighty God evidently having other designs in her regard. Her father dying soon after, it became necessary to decide her vocation. Interpreting her director's advice, she accepted the hand of Antoine Le Gras, a young secretary under Maria de' Medici. A son was born of this marriage and to his education, she devoted her time during the years of his childhood. Likewise during this time she took a great deal of personal interest in charitable works of all kinds. Her husband died in 1625. After his death Louise devoted herself almost exclusively to charity. Some time before she had made the acquaintance of St. Vincent de Paul and had placed herself under his spiritual direction and with him worked especially for the poor of Paris. It was this work that decided her life work, the founding of the Sisters of Charity. The work grew from small beginnings and under the guidance St. Vincent de Paul it developed to large proportions until the death of Blessed Louise, which occurred in 1660, a few months before the death of St. Vincent, with whose labors, she had been so closely connected. Her feastday is celebrated on the 15th of March.

Is it all right to make up another day of the week, if one forgets that it is a day of abstinence and eats meat?

If through no fault of your own, you forget that it is an abstinence day and eat meat, you have not committed a sin and you have no obligation to make up on any other day.

Some Good Books

Thy Kingdom Come. By Rev. J. E. Moffatt, S. J. Published by Benziger Brothers. Price, 30c net.

A well-bound book of about 60 pages, whose object is to foster a deeper appreciation of our Adorable Saviour in His Sacrament of Love.

Take and Read. By Fr. Faustin, O.F.M. Published by the Franciscan Herald Press, 1434 W. 51st Street, Chicago. Price, single copies, 5c each; in quantities, 3c each.

We have purposely reserved the review of this pamphlet for the February Liguorian, for February is Catholic Press Month. A reprint of some thirty pages from the Franciscan Herald, it is a splendid exposition of the vast importance of the Press and offers many practical suggestions. We recommend it to all, especially to pastors who have at heart the spiritual welfare of their flock. Teachers in our schools will likewise find it of great value as a subject for discussion and study.

Where Monkeys Swing. By Rev. Neil Boyton, S.J. Published by Benziger Bros. Price, \$1.25 net.

Boys, here is the kind of story you have been looking for. Owing to an oversight, "Mousie," an honest-to-goodness American Boy had the good fortune to be stranded for a week in India. And what a glorious week he had of it! Ask your folks to buy this book for you and then enjoy some happy hours with "Mousie" and his adventures. With him you will get close-ups of turbanned natives and their crowded bazaars, of savage villages with an occasional American Mission, of prowling jungle cats on the trail of live meat, and—best of all—of troops of thieving, chattering monkeys that swing in and out of the colorful picture.

And when the story is finished, you will agree with Mousie that "India is the greatest land on earth with the blue sky for a Big Top and no admission charged for all the free sights after you get ashore."

Boyhood's Highest Ideal. By Rev. Winfrid Herbst, S.D.S. Published by the Salvatorian Fathers, St. Nazianz, Wis. Price, 30c each; postage, 3c. Better prices for quantities.

Just the book for pastors and teachers and parents to give to boys who are at the parting of the ways. It will enlighten them on the important question of vocations, and particularly do much to foster vocations to the Holy Priesthood. The style is such as to hold the interest of boys.

Selections from the Latin Fathers. By Peter E. Hebert, C.S.C., Ph.D. Published by Ginn and Co.

We have often wondered why our Catholic colleges and seminaries in the study of Latin devote all their attention to the pagan classics and almost, if not entirely, neglect the rich heritage bequeathed us by the Fathers of the Church. Perhaps this neglect has been due to a great extent to the want of suitable textbooks. If so, the above publication excellently fills the need.

The Epistles of Father Timothy. By the Right Rev. Francis C. Kelly, D.D., Bishop of Oklahoma. Published by the Extension Press, Chicago. Price, \$1.50.

On the day of his consecration as Bishop of Oklahoma, Bishop Kelley, founder and for many years president of the Catholic Church Extension Society, dedicated this, his latest book, "to the priests who worked so loyally and faithfully beside me for the Missions of our country during nineteen happy years."

In introducing Father Timothy to his readers, the author gives them to understand that the original of Father Timothy was a good old parish priest in Michigan whom he learned to know and love when he himself was a young priest. Confined to his wheel-chair by a stroke and thus relieved of the active administration of his parish, Father Timothy's priestly zeal impels him to seek out some way to escape the demon of uselessness. He hits upon the plan of penning letters to his parishioners.

Lucid Intervals

A man in a mental hospital sat dangling a stick, with a piece of string attached, over a flower bed. A visitor approached, and wishing to be affable, remarked: "How many have you caught?"

"You're the ninth," was the reply.

One day, as I chanced to pass,
A beaver was damming a river.
And a man who had run out of gas,
Was doing the same to his flivver.

Much Scottish humor that is peculiarly characteristic circles round the minister, the beadle or sexton, and the simple folk of the country districts. A parish minister one Sunday was reproofing his congregation for sleeping in church during the sermon. He said: "Look at Jamie Fleeman, the parish fool; he's wide awake."

"Ay, and if I hadnna been a fool I would hae been sleepin' too," responded Jamie, loud enough for everyone to hear.

A long, hungry-looking individual "butted in" on the waiting line at the Sacramento Northern ticket window and the men who were in a hurry glowered. "I want a ticket to Marysville," said the man, and he put 50 cents under the wicket.

"You can't go to Marysville for 50 cents," returned the ticket seller.

"Well, then," asked the man, "where can I go for 50 cents?"

And each of the 14 men in the waiting line told him where he could go.

"John, wake up," whispered his wife. "There's a burglar in the house."

"Well, what do you want me to do—get up and run the risk of being killed?"

"No, but if you find in the morning that somebody's gone through your pockets, don't blame me."

Bjones: "What's got into that fellow Billfuzz lately? He uses the

strangest words you ever heard; he's always dragging them into the conversation—words that very few other people ever have heard. Has he gone nutty?"

Smiff: "No; the explanation is simple. He has become a cross-word puzzle fiend."

"Have you ever laughed until you cried?"

"Yes, I did so this morning."

"How?"

"Father stepped on a tack. I laughed. He saw me. I cried."

"Are you the plumber?"

"Yes, mum."

"Well, see you exercise care when doing your work. All my floors are highly polished and in perfect condition."

"Oh, don't worry about me slippin', mum. I've got nails in me boots."

The landlady of a well-known London boarding house made a point of asking her departing guests to write something in her visitor's book. She was very proud of some of the names of people inscribed in it, and of the nice things that were said, "But there is one thing I can't understand," she confided to a friend, "and that is what an American put in the book after stopping here. People always smile when they read it."

"What was it?" queried the other.

"He wrote only the words, 'Quoth the raven.'"

Minister: "In visiting the lunatic asylums, are you allowed to take the patients little presents?"

Missionary: "Oh, yes; everything except cross-word puzzles."

Voice Over Phone: "My husband will not be down today. He didn't get much sleep last night."

Boss: "What's the matter; is he ill?"

Voice: "No. Cross-word puzzle."

Redemptorist Scholarships

A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary student in perpetuity.

Those who have given any contribution, great or small, to the burses shall have a share in perpetuity in the daily Masses, the daily Holy Communions, and daily special prayers that shall be offered up by our professed Students for the founders and associate founders of Redemptorist Scholarships. It goes without saying that the donors are credited with their share of the works performed by these students after they have become priests.

Burse of St. Alphonsus (St. Alphonsus Parish, New Orleans, La.)	\$3,496.46
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* * *

Burse of St. Joseph (Married Ladies, Rock Church, St. Louis), \$1,604.69; Burse of St. Cajetan (Single Ladies of Rock Church), \$1,923.46; Burse of St. Joseph, \$642.00; Burse of St. Francis Assisi, \$1,007.50; Burse of the Little Flower, \$2,928.75; Burse of St. Thomas, Apostle, \$201.00; Burse of St. Jude, \$262.50; Burse of St. Rita, \$506.00; Burse of St. Anne, \$152.00; Burse of St. Gerard, \$527.00; Burse of the Sacred Heart, \$242.00; Burse of Holy Family, \$20.00; Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, \$422.00; Burse of St. Peter, \$225.00; Burse of the Poor Souls, \$1,250.00;

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